

Glory

CAROL TOBIN*

The glory came down between the lines of the litany
Like a helicopter landing it took our breath away
Sucked it out of our lungs so that we were left gasping for breath

The song leader sputtered and sought to launch us into the heavens
noting on her instrument the change of atmospheric pressure
Angle up—it's time for the lift

But someone in the back forgot to turn up the volume
and there we were—weighty and waiting in the pews
We failed to launch

We gathered the hopes stowed over our heads and filed down the aisle
the Spirit having fluttered lightly away—wings flapping

* Carol Tobin presently serves as Asia Regional Director for Virginia Mennonite Missions, a role that draws on her family's twenty-year experience as church planters in Thailand with Eastern Mennonite Missions. She and her husband, Skip, are part of the Early Church community in Harrisonburg, Virginia. Carol enjoys baking bread, swimming, picking berries, and receiving occasional poetic inspiration. She wrote this poem in November 2016.